Depth of the Seas.

PROM recent soundings in parts of the Pacific the depth is 8,600 metres. Other great depths are the North Atlantic, 5,391 metres; South Pacific, 8,200; So. Atlantic, 7,400; Indian, 6,800; Caribbean Sea, 6,275.



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the incorporation, in 1658, of New Amsterdam, later named New York, and new the financial center of the world. Less than 300 years ago the Dutch paid \$25 for Manhattan Island.

Fannie Hurst's Dramatic BACK PAY A Film Drama By Cosmopolitan Productions

A Serial of a Country Girl Who Seeks Happiness in the Maelstrom of the Metropolis.

THE ACTION SO FAR. + echo from the pulpit at Demopo-

Hester Bevins, an attractive girl left an orphan in a small town, refuses to marry Jerry New-combe, a fine young chap who has always loved her, and goes to New York to win success. She becomes acquainted with a millionaire, Charles G. Wheeler, and figures in gay parties. She orders a \$22,-000 coat but Wheeler objects and suggests a trip to a watering place near her old home. She goes to Demopolis, sees Jerry and again refuses to marry him, though he knows about her life in the city. Jerry goes to the war and comes back wounded. Hester goes to see him and learns he has only a few weeks to live. She is overcome. She tells Kitty, who overcome. She tells Kitty, who asked her if she's really in love with Jerry. She fights out the problem with herself.

into photoplay by Cosmopolitan tions; direction of Frank Borzage; scenaria by Frances Marion. It will be released as a Paramount picture.)

Screen Version Novelized ERRY fumbled and produced the gold band hanging by a cord

pathetic, this unshaking faith in "You've always carried it, waithg for me?"

around his neck; something

"Always," she heard like an

lis; "faith, hope, and charity, and the greatest of these is charity."

"I've got a little flat, Jerryjust big enough for you and me. The doctors are going to let me take you away-where I can be with you all the time-"

"Hester-all the time, how wonderful."

"We're going to fix you up in no time, Jerry, dear-"

"I was thinking we'd have some fine walks back home-in the woods-it'll be like seeing things twice—once as I remembered them and now as you see them-"

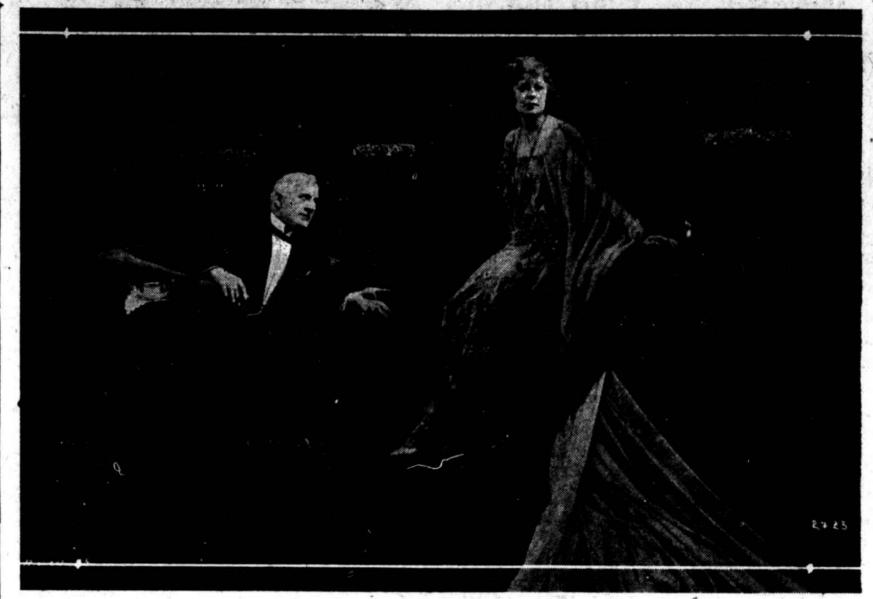
The doctor came into the roomthe chaplain was introduced; two nurses stood waiting.

No church more solemn as the minister read the marriage

No man and woman kneeling before an altar more impressive than this figure of a wounded hero propped up by pillows, holding the hand of this woman redeemed through his love for her. No answer ever more solemn

than the replies to the questions: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife?" "Wilt thou have this man to be

thy husband?" No ceremony more touching



Hester Tells Wheeler That She Wants to Marry Jerry.

Read This Story Here Day by Day; Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures At the Leading Theaters.

the hapd of the blind men to place his ring he had carried so long on the finger he had pictured so long wearing it.

Over and done with man and wife; left to themselves; a happy smile on Jerry's face; a feeling of goodness, of purity in the heart of

Very tenderly they carried him out; very tenderly they put him in the big car-Charles G. Wheeler's car-and drove him to the flat of two rooms; to the apartment on the drive.

Hester beard him say on the way: "They never had ambulances that rode as easy as this in France."

She made no reply. He was carried to the flat and placed in a bed, the like of which he had never slept in before; and he sensed space roominess.

He spoke of it; "It's awful kind of you to take me here. Hesterto this little place, it feels big-" "The windows are open," she

stammered-"you're near an open

"Ah, that's it-but it doesn't matter as long as you're herebut you mustn't so too much for me-you do your own cooking?"
"Oh, no, don't you worry now-

than the chaplain's hand guiding + Jerry dear-I'll be doing it bye and bye, but not while you're

> "I was hoping you'd say thatyou want to be with me, that's it.' Wheeler telephoned.

"So you went and did it? On the Q. T. I hope." "Yes, on the Q. T."

"That's right-angerest thing I ever heard of-but it's all right; never happened to me beforeit's in a good cause say Heater, get the best specialists for himjoke on me if he pulled throughso long-oh, I forgot, send the bills to me-

On the Q. T. Could one cast off the old life and start the new on the Q. T.? Hester was troubled, but the troubles of Jerry obscured her own for the present; she was content to watch and serve.

Days went-Kitty called-turned a startled look on her when she learned the truth. "Gee, wouldn't the papers like to get hold of this, but you're all right kid-it's something to think about—anything is better than this rotten game-and you looking at the river all the time-fine idea, apartment facing the river suggestive and handy."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

AND NOT SHOWING IT IN RIGHT WAY.

By Beatrice Fairfax-

Who Occupies a Unique Position

in Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Girls. RS. CARTER loves her husband. She is unhappy if he's kept out late on business. She stays in the city all mute, and she can't bear to be separated from him. She is always telling anyone who will listen what a wonder Roy is and

what a lucky woman she was to get him. But when the Carters go out to dinner everyone is made uncomfortable by the way she watches to see that he uses the right fork, and her nervous misery while he's telling a story and her way of correcting him for all sorts of unimportant little lapses no one would notice if the devoted wife didn't throw them up

to keep her Roy up to her standard for him. Nothing Roy Carter does ever satisfies his devoted wife and she tells him so from morning to night. She can't stop nagging and correcting and fault-finding Yet she loves Roy and she'd go

in the limelight of her eagerness

through tortures if he were to look at another woman And there's Frank Mason. His mother is a sweet old lady and he's the last to deny it. But he is always pleading with her wear up-to-date hats instead the funny little turbans in which she feels perfectly at home. And he never ceases reminding her what a wonderful cook Mrs.

Sometimes when Frank brings a couple of chaps home with him unannounced and mother has gotten herself into a flurry of nervousness through trying to get up a dinner that will do Frank proud he sits all through it ral-lying the old lady on the fact that she's so bent on saving his money that she just won't have a maid who'd know how to do

And there's Ben Stillwell. His wife can't dance or play golf, but

there are plenty of things to make her a charming addition to any party. But Ben never takes his wife anywhere without apologizing for the things she can't do. as if they were all any woman could have to recommend her.

Praise thy friend pu buke him privately."

stop correcting those they love.

Of course, we know the old sav-

But do we know how important it is? I'd even go a step further and

"Praise thy friend for what he does well. Keep silent on what he

coes 111." It isn't flattery that proves love. But surely constant fault-finding almost disproves it.

It is because we have a high standard for those we love that we feel disappointed when they fall below it. We want the best from those we most love. We almost demand it. But how often do we

fail their ideals of us?

It isn't the mother who is always crying "don't" to her children who brings them up to have the finest standard. Nothing negative is so constructive as the positive attitude. It is by finding the things children do well and making them see how important these may become that the best ideals

We all like praise. We all enjoy the feeling of real accomplish-ment. We want our own honest approval and that of those for whom we care. Ye we hold to a policy of blame and correction and nagging—and then we wonder why the love that once kindled at our glance responds so slowly to the sweetness which has often proved to be a pot of crackling

Have a high ideal for the man you love. Hold him to it. But do this by showing your joy in his best-not by stressing his blunders until he begins awkwardly and miserably to wonder if he can ever do anything to suit you.

OVING TOO WELL The Wine of Life

By Arthur Stringer Well-Known Author and Novelist of Country-Wide Reputation. CTORROW had difficulty, in

fact, in finding a suitable housekeeper. For the first two months, indeed, he had endured an old Englishman and his wife, each equally addicted to gin and each equally capable, when under its influence, of prolonged and noisy combat.

The cooking was far from acceptable, the disorder of the house increased, and the projected work fences fel! far behind schedule. dismissing the gin-soaked combatants from Pine-Brae, Storrow lived quite alone for a few weeks. But this effort at "batching it." as the vernacular of the countryside phrased such experiences, proved neither desirable nor

When a neighbor told Storrow of an orphan girl "up the lake" whose mother and father had been drowned crossing the ice to Pelee island, he journeyed to the farmer who was giving the unfortunate girl temporary harborage, in the hope that she might be suitable as a

When he learned that she was still a mere girl of twenty, however, he was disposed to let the matter drop. But her temporary entertained no such qualms.

"She's a good girl, is Crystal Cantwell," the younger man was assured, "a girl who's always kept to herself, sir, with no nonsense about men-folks. She's quiet-tengued, sir, and as willin' a worker as you'd wish, and not the kind to be botherin' a young gentleman who's not disposed to be botherin' with her!"

Storrow, as he waited while the girl was being summoned into his presence, seemed to find the room touched, not so much with the atmosphere of the slave-market,

Do You Know-

The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring. Persia has no old maids.

Banknotes are said to have been used in China nearly 5,000

Policemen and others who walk or stand a good deal are very subject to flat-foot. The hat worn by women in 4,000 B. C. is stated to be very similar to models worn today.

By turning out the toes, you throw the weight of the body on the instep, with bad effects.

The most treacherous animals to deal with in captivity are said to be jaguars and black panthers.

Decayed teeth, a sign of tooth-ache, have been found in a skull thousands of years old, thus prov-ing that this ailment is not a modern one due to civilization.

American typists are said to surpass those of Great Britain, largely owing to the fact that they learn the "touch" system, whereby the eyes never rest on the keyboard.

careless materialities of the stock-

And the impression was in no way diminished when Crystal stepped, silent and embarrased, through the door. She stood, after one, quick and comprehensive glance at him, with her eyes fixed on the floor, blushing rose-red as Storrow reiterated his doubts as to the expediency of a woman so young assuming con-trol of his household.

She Arrives.

"That woman, sir, is one in hundred," proclaimed the Legree invisible auction-block And stlil again the younger man studied the girl with the waves

pression she gave him was one of heaviness, of rustic timidity. The exposed skin of her neck and arms was a butternut brown, and the mouth was undentably large, just as the lips carried a line of undentable sensitiveness. It was only her hair and her eyes, at that first inspection, which seemed attractive to him.

Her hair, bleached by the open and the mouth was undeniably sun from a hazel nut hue to almost the tint of Roman gold, gave him the impression of some thing tawny and untamed, with

ly averted face. The first im-

a look of desert vastness in her He noticed as he qu her, that she did not speak quickand assumed that things

When A Girl Marries

A SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By Ann Lisle touch with everything here-Whose Present Serial Has Scored a everything that might count!"

Big Popular Success. T Mabel Storrs' words I gasp-A ed and found myself suddenly so dizzy that I could hardly steady my hand on the steering wheel of the car. Even the thought that my poor little prodi-gal father hadn't done Jim a bit of harm fairly made my heart sing.

The struggle between my love for Jim and my sense of fairness to Dad Lee has at times been terrific. I could never be quite sure whether I wanted to discredit my father because I wasn't proud of him and wished to get rid of him, or if I wished him gone because I

"You don't think that my father is a menace to Jim?" I asked breathlessly. "Of course, I'm not suggesting that he would consciously be anything of the sort-but mean aren't you afraid of how Dick's shrewdness employs—a tired and devoted old man?'

"Not the least in the world!" she laughed throatily. "The point where I'd like to pick up Dick's trail is at the time of which I told you when he stole the claim belonging to Ramon and Rosa Cordova. I want to know just what he did with that paper. He suc-cessfully filed a claim and based his whole career on theft-it gives us a definite sidelight on hismethods And it also suggests why one of those Cordovas is now in fighting along with Mr. Harrison.

"Perhaps there's still some way of proving prior rights to a rich oil field. Perhaps there's a search on for the missing documents. Of course, I'm only guessing, but I've an idea that Dick did file the claim -that his title's defective somehow and for this reason instead of from mere hatred for your husband, he's been using all sorts of methods to have work stopped down there and a gusher dammed up so that the whole property looks only good enough to sell at auction to the highest bidder." "We ought to get word to Jim!"

him. I wonder if he's down in the oil country? I wonder if I couldn't "No," she said tersely—almost curtly. "You of all people musn't

go down there. Dick would know

the minute you bought your ticket, If only I could go—but I'm tied CASTORIA For Infants and Children N USE FOR OVER 30 YEARS here. And Mr. Harrison is out of

"There are plenty of people who would go—if they knew where to go," I said thoughtfully, "But after all, my husband knows that Dick West isn't sitting with his hands tied. Jim must realize there will be plotting and counter plotting here. He won't be taken off his guard. But something terrific might happen if we did manage to find Jim-and Dick were on our

"Clearly enough we can't do anything in the line of trying to communicate directly with Jim. But there's one thing I must ask you. Did my husband know of your rience with Dick West in the old days at Tampico?'

"Yes. Because of that he realized he could trust me with his affairs," she replied simply. Just why I persisted in my ques-tions, I don't know. But I felt constrained to go a step farther. The name of the check Jim had sent to the office remained in my memory. Perhaps this was be-cause that name had occurred again in Mabel's story of Dick It may be that the queen little black script on the check had burned itself indeliably on my

"Did you tell Jim the name of the people who filed in your safe the name Dick West eventually stole?" I asked.

"Why, yes—I suppose I must ve. No—I den't believe I did." Mabel laughed shamefacedly and shook her head in puzzled wonder as she went on:
"I'm ashamed to have my brain

go suddenly foggy on such an im-portant detail. But you know how business men pounce on what seems salient to them. The name of the Cordovas, through whom Dick West finally showed himself to me and because of whom I was driven from Tampico, may not have crept into the story. It may have seemed a minor detail. I can't recall. Do you think it matters especially?"
"Probably not," I replied uneas-

ily. "I suppose I was merely won-dering if Mr. Harrison had/made a bee-line for these Cordovas because of what you'd told him, or if he'd merely stumbled across them-as "He didn't merely stumble across me. Mrs. Harrison. We met

girl half under her breath. "Don't ask me to go into details. After all I suffered years ago because of Dick, I hadn't learned just what a—bad hombre he is. He found me when I came here and I let him win my faith again. Mr. Har-rison stood between me and danger. That's why I'd die rather than be-tray the trust he's imposed upon

A Stirring Romance of a Young Sculptor

Yet she carried an odd impres sion of capacity for feeling, of emotions carefully herded and corralled. And as her shyness vanished and the blood-waves returned less frequently to the dusky pigments of the cheek he found his earlier misgivings slipping away from him. She, herself, he felt, was answer enough to those misgivings. So the bargain was struck, and two days later Crystal Cant-

well and her cowhide trunk tied with rope arrived at Pinee-Brae. With her advent came a change to the neglected and musty-aired house in the midst of its whisperpine groves. Chaos in some became comfort. Even solitude became less oppressive. new maid set to work with peasant - like inarticulateness, agreeing to anything which Storrow, as her master, might suggest, with her large, and limped eyes resting abstractedly on his face as he talked to her They were not stupid eyes, he was beginning to see, and what he had first thought of as their bovine placidity seemed more the serenity of a soul incorruptibly at peace with itself.

But all the while, as Spring merged into Summer, the Sum mer brought its promise of fulfilments, she went about tasks apparently fortified some large and secret knowledge Just what it was, Storrow could not guess. He was able to talk to her with less restraint as he became more accustomed to her presence there. But she never the one to begin these

She listened patiently, with her limpid eyes always on his face. In time, she even added a ribbon to her her and fell to consulting the mail-order catalogues on the matter of emollients and under-In hot weather she would un-

button her shirtwais and roll down the loose collar, exposing a whiter fullness of throat and shoulder. Storrow caught himself at dif-

ferent times, studying the mild roundness of that full throat, with a feeling as remote and yet as disturbing as the beat of nocturnal tom-toms to the children of the jungle. (Copyright, 1920, by Arthur Stringer.) Published by arrangement with Inter-national Feature Service, Inc.)

(Continued Tomorrow.)



Baby Wants Cuticura It Keeps His Skin Soft Smooth and Clear

Baby's tender skin requires mild, sooth-ing properties such as are found in the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum. The Soap is so sweet, pure and cleanain and the Ointment so soothing and heal especially when baby's skin is irrite Cutieura Talcum is also ideal for haby Cample Each Tree by Mail. Address: "Date orateria, Dopt. 130, Ifalden 68, Hane Sewhere, Sonp Ste. Ointment S and Ste. 7c.

ODD DINING ROOM HOW ONE WOMAN SOLVED A PROBLEM.

-By Loretto C. Lynch-

An Acknowledged Expert in All Matters Appertaining to House-hold Management. OR years Mrs. Leighton paid

rent in a small city apartment. Then, without a word of warning, a relative died leaving her a six-room house in an attractive suburb.

Crowding the family of nine into a few bed rooms when the kiddleswere small, and eating in the not be so unforgivable when one's husband had to work almost night and day, but-now that the children were older, some even going to work, Mrs. Leighton decided that they were going to have adequate sleeping accommodations and an attractive dining room, so she decided to turn part of the large cellar adjoining the kitchen into a dining room.

The scheme may be used to turn any dark, unattractive room into a place of cheer in which to eat. The cellar was finished in the rough. A carpenter made wooden frames to imitate panels, and these were set against the sides of the walls. The room when finished was about 18x20 feet. The frances were painted and enameled in white, and a light yellow composition board much in vogue to-

The electric wiring was arranged for side lights. Dull finished silver electric candle-holders were chosen and orange-colored shades were used.

A parquet flooring was installed. Two rugs of the same size were placed side by side on the floor. The rugs were of a plain taupe. The furniture was a dull fumed

The sideboard was in reality a

Those Freckles

Don't try to cover or hide those fraction. Black and White Beauty Black will remove them quickly easily. ack and White Beauty Bleach

a fragrant, dainty cream, forms an invisible film that surely and safely clears the skin of tan, freckles and dark brown blotches. Use in connection with Beauty Bleach, the cleansing lather of Black and All drug and department stores

All drug and department stores can supply you with Black and White Beauty Bleach, 50c; Black and White Boap, 25c the cake. Write Dept. I, Plough, Memphis, Tenn., for copy of your Birthday and Dream Book, and leaflet which tells you all about Black and White toilet preparations.

BITY MEACH

phonograph. Have you seen these at the shops? And on many happy occasions, after dinner in the evening, the children rolled back the rugs and pushed back the chairs and table and called in the neigh-

bors' kiddles and danced. That was a good arrangement, because it gave father and mother a chance to have a restful evening in the living room above. Games or parties or any other entertainment dear to the hearts of the young might be carried on in such a cellar dining room after the meal

was over. Only one thing did the mother insist upon. She insisted that the rugs must be replaced and the dining room put into perfect order before the children left.

I think the one sad thing about the average country house that I have seen is the fact that during the winter time no proper arrangements having been made to heat the house the entire family crowd into one room-the kitchen -not only during their time for eating, but during their recreation time as well.

Then, if it is not the heating problem, many country homes, especially if they have a large family and not many rooms, feel they cannot give over one room to dining and another to recreation.

The cellar is often over large and not entirely used. The idea of turning part of a large cellar into a cheerful dining and recrea-

Because Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored My Health

Hornell, N. Y. — "I was in bed health but there didn't seem to be any one tired out all over and it was an ef-fort for me to move. I was irri-table and could not sleep nights and had trouble with my bewels and at my peri

ing and do it with ease. I can accomplish as much in a day now as it would have taken me a week to do last winter and I try to get every one I know to take your medicine to build them up. You are welcome to use this letter as a testimonial if you like."—Mrs. Chas. Bakes. 21 Spencer Ave., Hornell, N/Y.

In almost every neighborheed there are women who know of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They know because they have taken it and have been helped. Why don't you give it a trial?

